

Eng Poetry vol 30.

A D V I C E
T O T H E
L A D I E S

O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N ; *K*

A N E W
C o u r t B A L L A D.

— Amor Omnibus idem.

O V I D.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. M O O R E, near *St. Paul's*.

M. DCC. XXX.

(Price Sixpence.)

A D V I C E
TO THE
L A D I E S
OF
G R E A T B R I T A I N ;
A N E W
C O U N T B A L L A D .



Q V I D .



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(I)



A D V I C E

T O T H E

Ladies of *G R E A T B R I T A I N*.

To the Tune of,

To you Fair Ladies now at Land.

I.



YE Ladies Fair, of *Britain's Isles*,
In Country, Town, or Court ;
That deal in reciprocal Smiles,
At Places of Resort ;
Soft Beauteous Dames, when Virtue fails;
Beware of peeping *Abigail*.
With a Fal, la, la.

II.

When the soft Fire of lawless Love
Invades a Tender Mind,
And gives a strange Desire to rove,
For Variety inclin'd ;
Secure yourselves from being undone,
And Swains from Verdicts of *Crim. Con.*
With a Fal, la, la.

III.

III.

While Slaves and Varlets pry about,
 To find out an Amour,
 What each Unworthy Servile Lout
 Ne'er thought to do before :

But *Plac'd i'th' Customs and Excise,*
 Because they'd neither *Ears* nor *Eyes*.

With a Fal, la, la.

IV. O T

a-le
l-f-d
 A C---ntess near Hanover-Square,
 Whom I care not to name,
 That for a certain Noble P---r
 She hath an ardent Flame :
 A *Curtain* through a *Window* thrown,
 The *Signal* sure her *E-l's* from Home.

With a Fal, la, la.

V.

a-le
 Sir R--- Business lays aside
 For Half-a-dozen Hours;
 Leaves Brother C----- the H--lm to guide,
 And deal with Foreign Powers;
 Divested of his *Trusty Jack*,
 Slides cross the *Park* in *Curtain'd Hack*.

With a Fal, la, la.

VI.

ny
 When Nation's State, and Great Debate,
 Calls P-----'s Voice and Power,
 Let no Gr--n G--rt--'d empty Pate
 Disturb his happy Bower:
 My Life, my Soul, could there be Ill
 In making Party at Quadrille?

With a Fal, la, la.

(5)

VII.

Brisk Lady *M-r-y* trips the *Park*,
Each Day for Morning Air,
Attended by her *Scarlet Spark*,
Kind Guardian of the Fair:
Her Spouse disturbs not his *Repose*
At Honour's *Debts*, or *Pale-fac'd Beaus*.
With a Fal, la, la.

VIII.

The Chariot's order'd just at Five
By *T-----n* to her Prayers:
John, *where you was last Night*, pray drive;
Don't Babble for your Ears.
But why should this Gay Girl be blam'd,
When her *Mamma* can do the same.
With a Fal, la, la.

IX.

Near to *N---th---pton's* Antient Town,
As Stories do relate,
There liv'd a *Pair* whom *Hymen* crown'd;
But O! Unhappy Fate!
The Tenderest Husband now complains,
TRUE BLUE hath left the foulest *Stains*.
With a Fal, la, la.

X.

The *Warriour*, conscious of his Crime,
Forfook the Guilty Sheets,
When Morning coming in its Prime,
And cowardly retreats:
Hail, Hail, thrice Hail, the *Bottle-Rack*,
When Vengeance peep'd behind his Back.
With a Fal, la, la.

B

XI.

(6)

XI.

Polly still wantons in Excess,
And in her Hero's Arms
Till in his Eyes her Charms grow less,
And some new Face alarms
For to confound the Joys of Life,
And make a yet more wretched Wife.
With a Fal, la, la.

XII.

One Dr--s Meets another Parts,
Oh! sad uncertain State
Of the Most High and Noble Hearts,
Most miserably Great!
The Fairest Dr--s in this Land,
Still mourns her silent S--d--d
With a Fal, la, la.

XIII.

C--m--la rivals all in Dress
At Courtly Shows and Balls
Her Tissue Rich, and Finest Lace,
For Admiration calls
If once her Rural Mien find Grace,
She charms her Consort into Place.
With a Fal, la, la.

XIX.

Psyche at Home's confin'd to sit,
Her P--s to entertain
At Ombre, Quadrille, or Picquette,
Late Visits must refrain
He ramble will no more astray,
Nor Odd Sights show to L--y Key
With a Fal, la, la.

XV.

(37)

XV.

L--d Rattle keeps a single Brace,
The more for Mode than Use;
His Sins have brought him off his Pace,
A Life ne'er more Profuse.
When Helpmate's Tongue doth fire his Blood,
Like Charmer, swears he'll keep a Stud.
With a Fal, la, la.

XVI.

Fine H--y seeing her Spouse decline,
Advices Foreign Air;
At Midnight Revels she may shine
Amongst the Gallant Fair.
He one Way walks, and she another,
Th' Example of a goodly Mother.
With a Fal, la, la.

XVII.

Poor Sappho's Tears are quite dry'd up,
For her Departed Spouse,
Of Sorrow's and Affliction's Cup,
Did heartily Carouse.
She tire will the greatest Turk,
The ^{Finches} F--bes Five can't do her Work.
With a Fal, la, la.

XVIII.

Though S--b stricken much in Years,
Loves still to hear the Sport,
And oftentimes falls into Tears,
For strange Things done at C--t;
Of Lady This, and Lady That,
She'll leave her Bags whole Hours to chat.
With a Fal, la, la.

XIX.

From Wealthy *L---street* and *M---rk-t-ne*,
 Mark well what I do say;
 Two wanton Dames of Buxom Fame,
 In Jewels Rich and Gay,
Assemble at each *Carding-Room*,
 Neglecting all that's Dear at Home.

With a Fal, la, la.

From thence with *Ribbons* of all *Hues*,
 To well-known *S---ff-lk-street*,
 That famous Rival of the Stews,
 A safe and snug Retreat;
 Kind Husbands may expostulate,
 Till your *Repentance* comes too late.

With a Fal, la, la.

F I N I S

